

The Merry Milk-maids:

O R, T H E

Country Damosels Pleasure in their Rural La-bours. Together with the Second Part, containing the Plow-man's Praise; concluding with the London Gal-lants Prodigality. To the Tune of, *The Milking-pail.*



Y^E Sypnys' and Silvian Gods,
That loves green fields and woods,
when spring newly bloten,
herself does aboun
With flowers and blooming buds;
come sing in the prade
(whilst flockes do groze
In yonder pleasant vale)
of those that choose,
their sleep to lose,
and in cold dewe,
with cleaved hooches,
To carry the Milking-pail.
The Goddess of the moon,
with blushes they adown,
and take the fresh air,
whilst knitters prepare
To coset on each green thorn;
the Black-bird and Thrush,
on every bush,

And the charming Nightingale,
in merry vein,
their choas to strain,
to entertain
the jolly train
That carry the Milking-pail.

when cold bleak winds do roar,
And flowers can spring no more,
the fields that were seen
so pleasant and green.
By winter all candid o're;
oh, how the Town Lass
looks with her white face,
And her lips of deadly pale!
but it is not so
with those that go
through frost and snow,
with cheeks that glow,
To carry the Milking-pail.

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The Misses of courtly mold,
Clad with pearl and gold,
with malches and paint,
her skin doth so tain,
She's wearthe'd before she's old,
whilst she in commode,
puts on a cart-load,
And with cuiseons plumps her tail ;
what joys are found
in russet gowne,
young, plump, and round,
and sweet, and sound,
That carry the Milking-pail ?
The Girls of Venus game,
That ventures health a faine,
in practising feats,
with colds and with heats,
Make Lovers go blind and lame ;
if Men were so wise
to value the prize
Of the wares most fit for sale,
what sort of beauts,
would daube their cloaths,
to save a nose,
by following those
That carry the Milking-pail.
The country Lad is free,
From fears and jealousie,
when upon the green
he is often seen
With his Lass upon his knee,
with kisses, most sweet,
he does her so treat,
And swears she'll ne'r grow stale ;
whilst the London Lass,
in e'reg place,
with her brazen face,
despises the grace
Of those with the Milking-pail.

The PLOWMAN's Answer.

A Country life is sweet,
In moderate cold and heat,
to walk in the air,
how pleasant and fair
Is every field of wheat ;
the Goddess of flowers,
adorning the bowers,
And every meadow now ;
so that I say,
no Courtier may
compare with They,
who cloath'd in gray,
Do follow the painful Plow.

They rise with the morning Larb,
And labour till almost dark,
then folding their sheep,
they hasten to sleep,

while every pleasant park,
next morning is ringing,
with Birds that are singing,
On each green tender boough,
with what content,
and merriment,
their dayz are spent,
whose minds are bene,
To follow the painful Plow.
Wisk country Lads repair
To every wake and fair,
with Sary and Sue,
Nan, Bridget, and Prue,
No manner of charge they spare,
in seasong of pleasure,
thus taking their pleasure,
Much liberty they allow :
the rural Train,
through snow and rain,
tript o'er the plain,
with speed again,
To follow the painful Plow.

But heark'ng Sparks at court,
According to faine's report,
are commonly foil'd,
nay, ruin'd and spoil'd
By following Venus spot;
but this way of sinning,
it is the beginning
Of doing on every Soul,
who will not fail
(for mugs of ale)
to spread her tail,
'gainst these we rail,
Who follow the painful Plow.

The Gallant he's sir'd and sir'd,
By Jenny his pretty Bird,
he calls her his Honey,
supplies her with mony,
Till Frenchefid claps the word ;
and then he runs swearing,
nay, raving and taring,
And eggs, I am ruin'd now ;
and what is woe,
the Spark does curse
his empty purse ;
but 'tis not thus
With any that drives the Plow.

F. I. N. I. S.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

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